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Mary Ann, Phillis, & Thomas
Diary.

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Anne James.

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POEMS
FOR YOUTH.

BY
A FAMILY CIRCLE.

LONDON :

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P O E M S,

&c.

MORNING HYMN.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! by thy great power,
I hail again the morning hour ;
How fair the green fields meet my eyes,
How sweet the birds sing in the skies,
How fresh appear the hills and trees,
And oh ! how pure the morning breeze !
I bless thy love in all I see,
For were not these things made for me ?
And was it not to meet my sight
Was hung aloft that globe of light ?
Nor mine alone—for thou hast given
Thy good to all beneath the heaven ;

And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.—
Then tho' a little child I be,
Yet may I bend myself to thee,
And join my infant voice to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY IN AUTUMN.

SWEET is the autumnal day,
The sabbath of the year,
When the sun sheds a soft and farewell ray,
And journeys slowly on his silent way,
And wintry storms are near.

Sweet is the autumnal rose
That lingers late in bloom ;
And while the north wind on its bosom blows,
Upon the chill and misty air bestows
A cherishing perfume !

Sweet is life's setting ray,
While Hope stands smiling near ;
When the soul muses on the future day,
And thro' the clouds that shade her homeward way,
Heaven's azure skies appear.

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST.

SWEET Robin, how I love to hear
Thy tuneful song this wintry day ;
To me it is a sweeter song
Than any in the month of May.

Thy music is as charming now,
When not a flower or leaf is seen,
As when the daisies deck the fields,
And all the woods are robed in green.

Thou dost not droop thy merry wing,
Tho' thick and cold descends the snow ;
And in thy song there is no pause,
Tho' loud the winds and tempests blow.

But yonder comes a raging storm,
And ruffled is thy crimson breast ;
Then spread thy pinions, haste away,
And shelter in thy little nest.

But come again to-morrow morn,
And sing another song to me ;
And at my window thou shalt find
A crumb or two of bread for thee.

TO AN EARLY SWALLOW.

WILD tenant of the changeful year,
That borne upon the southern wind,
Across the ocean's distant waves,
Wouldst here a sheltering region find ;

Too soon, alas ! from brighter climes
Thou heedless spread'st thy truant wings ;
Too soon thou hither com'st to greet,
With artless notes, the infant spring.

In hoary Winter's palsied lap
The infant Spring all cradled lies,
Whilst round the nursling's tender form
The bitter storms un pitying rise.

To melt the tears that freeze his eyes
No zephyr lends its balmy breath;
For ever clos'd their purple light,
Seal'd by the icy hand of death.

And gentle May, in sable garb,
Seeks with slow steps his mournful bower;
And sadden in the silent grove,
The leafless tree, and lingering flower.

For thee, amid the noontide beam,
No gossamer floats along the vale;
And fled the various insect tribes,
That revel in the summer gale.

Behind yon mountain's misty brow
The low'ring storm is gathering fast,
And sweeps along the cultured plain,
And wakes the wind and welkin blast.

Then turn thee to my humble cell,
And shield thee from the beating rain,
Till Winter's dreary reign is o'er,
And Summer suns shall smile again.

Thus would I soothe Misfortune's child,
And gently calm his troubled breast;
And when life's pelting storms arise,
Here bid the wretched wanderer rest.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

A TRUE STORY.

WITH viscous thread and finger fine,
The spider spun his filmy line ;
Th' extremes with stronger cordage tied,
And wrought the web from side to side.

Beneath the casement's pendent roof
He hung aloft the shadowy woof ;
There in the midst compress'd he lies,
And patient waits th' expected prize.

When lo ! on sounding pinion strong,
A bee incautious rush'd along ;
Nor of the gauzy net aware,
Till all entangled in the snare.

Enrag'd, he plies his sounding wings,
His far-resounding war-song sings ;
Tears all that would his course control,
And threatens ruin to the whole.

With dread, with gladness, with surprise,
The spider saw his dangerous prize ;
Then rush'd relentless on his foe,
Intent to give the deadly blow.

But as the spider came in view,
The bee his poison'd dagger drew ;
Back at the sight the spider ran,
And cautiously his work began.

With lengthen'd arms the snares he plied,
He turn'd the bee from side to side ;
His legs he tied, his wings he bound,
And whirl'd him round and round and round.

And then, with cautious steps and slow,
He came to give the fatal blow ;
When, frighten'd at the trenchant blade,
The bee one desperate effort made.

The fabric breaks, the cords give way,
His wings resume their wonted play ;
Far off on gladsome plume he flies,
And drags the spider through the skies.

Thus once Lunardi sail'd along,
The wonder of the gazing throng ;
Uncertain where his course to bend,
And where his lengthen'd flight might end.

THE SQUIRREL.

I LOVE to see at early morn,
The Squirrel sit before my door;
There crack his nuts and hide his shells,
And skip away to seek for more.

I love in hedge-row paths to see
The Linnet glance from spray to spray;
Or mark at evening's balmy close,
The Redbreast hop across my way.

For sure when Nature's free-born train
Approach with song and gambol near,
Some secret impulse bids them feel
The footsteps of a friend are there.

ON VISITING VALE CRUCIS.

VALE of the Cross! the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For there are sainted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green;
By wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bells by spirits rung;
And matin hymns, and vesper prayer,
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross! the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmur of the distant rills,
The sabbath-silence of the hills;
And all the quiet God hath given,
Without the golden gates of Heaven.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL! ever awful maid,
 In russet vest array'd,
 Queen of the distant plain and rural cot;
 Within thy silent cells,
 Eternal pleasure dwells,
 And heaven-born virtue seeks thy lonely grot.

Oft when the cheerful dawn
 Spreads o'er the brightening lawn,
 With dewy hand thou cull'st the opening flow'rs;
 And when the genial ray,
 Glares on the face of day,
 Retir'st to cooling shades and fragrant bow'rs.

The soul-inspiring muse
 Thy silent step pursues ;
 With thee she often strikes the trembling string ;
 Thou giv'st the words that glow,
 Thou giv'st the verse to flow,
 And bid'st wild fancy stretch her varying wing.

Remote from noise and strife,
 And all the cares of life,
 With thee reflection ever deigns to dwell ;
 No rude impetuous noise
 Disturbs thy sober joys,
 But awful silence hovers o'er thy cell.

If, 'midst the lonely shade,
 Thou rov'st with silent tread,
 Where gentle linnets tune the pensive lay ;
 Or on the mountain's brow,
 Amidst the falling dew,
 Mark'st the last gleam of evening's parting ray ;

Or if thou deign'st to rove,
Amid the moss-grown grove,
Or where yon cloisters' mouldering walls extend,
Or on the briny steep
Explor'st the cavern's deep,
Still shall thy votary on thy steps attend.

SONNET,

TO

THE AUTHORESS OF "THE FLORIST'S MANUAL,"
 IN WHICH SHE RECOMMENDS THE DESTRU-
 CTION OF INSECTS.

Go, elegant Instructress—teach the fair
 To range in order meet her mingled flowers,
 In plots, in beds, in borders, and in bowers;
 But oh! the bright inhabitants of air,
 The insect's animated lustre spare!
 Design'd, like thee, to pass their few short hours
 Amidst the sweets indulgent Nature pours,
 And every joy with equal right to share.
 O, canst thou with delighted sense inhale
 The fragrance breathing on the morning gale,

And all the gay parterre with rapture see ;
Yet, with relentless hand and envious eyes,
Crush the poor insect, that discursive flies
From flower to flower with bliss unknown to thee ?

LINES,

WRITTEN ON PLANTING A YOUNG OAK.

GENIUS of the wood and stream,
Thou, whose voice in morning dream
Across mine ear is wont to come,
Upon the fresh gale's early hum,
Calling me forth to wander free
Thro' twilight groves and meads with thee,
If ever at the dawn of day,
Amid thy forest haunts I stray,
Teach the young ivy how to twine
Around some favourite tree of thine;
And view, but with no evil eye,
Thy rustic tenants sporting nigh,
To whom thy liberal bounty yields
The harvest of thy floods and fields;

Or when the red autumnal leaves
 Rustle amongst the mellow sheaves,
 When western winds are loud and high,
 And shrieking sea-fowl shoreward fly,
 At evening season sit alone,
 On some gray monumental stone,
 Bewailing in unstudied strain
 The ruin of thy woodland reign :
 If ever sports and tasks like these
 May hope thy sylvan pow'r to please,
 And merit aught thy grateful care,
 Hear, mighty Genius, hear my prayer.

For all my many raptures known,
 Within thy greenwood range alone ;
 For all the blessings breathing there,
 From wood and water, earth and air ;
 Thy sunny banks, thy noon-day glooms,
 And healing gales, and light perfumes,
 And melodies that Fancy finds
 In running streams and whistling winds ;

For these delights I vow'd to thee
 The honour of a sacred tree.
 Then, Genius, bless the hand that now
 With pious care fulfils my vow ;
 And while in genial earth I place
 This seedling of a giant race,
 Yon ancient oak's perennial fruit
 Be near, and bless its infant shoot.

Genius ! from her secret glade
 Call thy fairest Dryad maid,
 Whose tender duty it shall be
 To foster thy peculiar tree.
 Then, what tho' now its pigmy size
 Scarce with the neighbouring daisy vies,
 Tho' the rank grass that springs to-day,
 And with the morrow dies away,
 Shall many a year in summer growth,
 O'ershoot and scorn its tardy sloth ;
 Yet when the youthful hand that now,
 With pious care fulfils my vow,

Shall hang inactive by my side,
 And, like that grass, in death be dried;
 That grass, which where my limbs are laid,
 Shall long have learn'd to spring and fade;
 Then shall its vigorous youth maintain
 The unrivall'd lordship of the plain;
 Within its dark and ample breast,
 The thousand fowls of heaven shall rest,
 And the rude roamers of the field
 Dwell in the shade its branches yield.

Go, offspring of a lordly brood,
 Thou rising sovereign of the wood!
 Go, and, in patriarchal prime,
 Fulfil thy destin'd date of time,
 Which even now begins to roll,
 Advancing to that distant goal,
 Where its majestic course enspheres
 The compass of a thousand years;
 As thine own leaves, at Nature's call,
 With changing seasons rise and fall;

So in thy being's mighty span,
 The transitory race of man,
 Successive heirs of human woe,
 In varying tides shall ebb and flow ;
 And even thou, when many an age
 Has measur'd thine appointed stage,
 Within thy solid core shall feel
 The canker, art can never heal.
 Then every moment's little length
 Shall drain thy veins and sap thy strength ;
 And then the worm's insidious tooth
 Devour the relics of thy youth ;
 Till every branch, wind-worn and shrunk,
 Forsake in turn thy scaly trunk ;
 And mouldering in a ripe decay,
 Thy shrivell'd wreck fall fast away,
 Scatter'd by every passing gust,
 To mingle with its kindred dust ;
 And thy existence then appear
 As short as his who plac'd thee here. -

SONNET,

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

WINTER, I fear thee not! tho' long I've seen
 Thy dread approach—clad in thy mantle grey,
 And icy weeds, and blasting in thy way
 Fair Nature's lingering sweets, and robes of green.
 Ah no! I fear thee not; thou canst not steal
 My homefelt bliss—thou canst not bid me part
 With hopes and joys, that cheer and fill my heart,
 And kindred ties, which teach that heart to feel:
 Safe bosom'd in my lov'd and happy home,
 With friendship, books, and music's soul-felt
 charm,
 My days flow peaceful on—content and calm,
 No city joys can give one wish to roam.
 Come, Winter, cast around thy tracts of snow,
 My mind no cheerless winter e'er shall know.

THE MYRTLE.

BRIGHT glow'd the Myrtle's verdant pride,
That near my lowly cottage sprung ;
But on the gale of eventide,
The tree no grateful odours flung.

Once with rude hand a branch I tore,
And all its tender leaflets prest ;
When, pouring forth its hidden store,
Its native sweetness stood confest.

'Tis thus in life's untroubled day,
The virtuous mind its charms withholds ;
Nor always ventures to display
That excellence the heart enfolds.

But when severe misfortunes rise,
 Its genuine worth is felt and prov'd;
And whilst it suffers, droops, or dies,
 'Tis doubly cherish'd, mourn'd, and lov'd.

SONNET.

O BLESSED be the tear that sadly roll'd
 For me, my Mother! down thy sacred cheek;
 That with a silent fervor did bespeak
 A fonder tale than language ever told;
 And pour'd such balm upon my spirit weak
 And wounded, in a world so harsh and cold,
 As that wherewith an angel would uphold
 Those that astray heaven's holy guidance seek.
 And tho' it pass'd away, and, soon as shed,
 Seem'd ever lost to vanish from thine eye,
 Yet only to the dearest store it fled
 Of my remembrance, where it now doth lie,
 Like a thrice precious relic of the dead,
 The chiefest jewel of its treasury.

LINES,

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

O MAY I hope that every tear
May be a beam of bliss above !
And every silent suffering here,
A precious pledge of heavenly love.

Then will I calmly bear my pain,
The piercing pain that wrings my breast ;
Nor any sorrow think in vain,
That ends in everlasting rest.

ELEGY,
ON THE DEATH OF A SMALL BUT BEAUTIFUL
GREYHOUND.

ADIEU to thy innocent mirth,
 Thou creature of frolic and glee!
 That stretch'd at thy length on the hearth,
 Wert as happy as happy could be.

What a full tide of joy didst thou feel
 Within thy diminutive breast!
 And a spring, more elastic than steel,
 Into thy little form was comprest.

Agility, beauty, and grace,
 Strove which in thy shape should prevail;
 And the features of each we might trace,
 In the line from thy head to thy tail.

How oft with delight did I gaze,
Thy pranks with the kitten to see !
But now her own gambols she plays,
And mews as chief mourner for thee.

Ah, say, in this sublunar sphere,
Is there such a profusion of bliss,
That death for a while could not spare
Such an atom of pleasure as this ?

Yet that atom, for aught I can tell,
In the beam of a summer more bright,
Like a seed, may unfold and may swell,
To frolic in future delight.

SONNET.

WHILE some 'mid pomp and pride and rich display
Of worldly honours spend their youthful hours,
Be mine a nobler task—when the young day
Restores to light and life fair Nature's powers,
And wakes to song the birds among the bowers,
With hermit heart amidst her scenes to stray,
To climb yon distant hills of dewy grey,
And mark the great sun ope his eastern doors;
To see once more the cloudless heavens expand
O'er the blue bosom of the happy deep,
And the pure vigils of the spirit keep;
To see the radiance of a smiling land;
And often let me so my fancy steep
In dreams of wonders by th' Almighty hand.

ON THE
DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

AND shall thy tuneful throat no more,
Sweet bird, its artless music pour,
When morn unlocks her lucid store,
Or evening leads her milder hour.

And shalt thou now, with pride elate,
No more thy golden plumes array ;
Or, fluttering through thy cruel grate,
In mimic anger fondly play.

Ah ! now thy breast no longer glows,
To hear thy oft repeated name ;
No more thy hovering wings disclose
The transports of thy little frame.

Henceforth to soothe the sullen ear
Of death, in vain shall music try ;
Nor mirth his gloomy heart shall cheer,
Nor beauty charm his wayward eye.

For mirth and beauty both were thine,
And sweetest music from thee flow'd ;
Yet here the mournful wreath we twine,
That decks thy long and last abode.

EPITAPH,

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI.

ASK'ST thou what maiden slumbers here ?
Drop on the sod one tender tear ;
And soon to thine admiring eyes,
A flow'r of sweetest scent shall rise,
From which, O stranger, thou may'st know
The name of her who rests below.

THE DAISY.

FAIRIES! see, the burning star,
That our nightly sports doth mar,
 Passes slow away;
Hous'd beneath his western porch,
Now his beams no longer scorch—
 Hasten to your play;
The yellow moon will lend her torch
 To every gentle fay.

Round about our green grass ring,
Fairy people dance, and sing
 Many a quaint conceit;
Nothing wicked enters here,
Ghost or goblin comes not near,
 In this cool retreat,
Where we chaunt with carol clear,
 “ The Daisy is so sweet.”

Daisy sweet ! thy charms unfold,
 Shew thy breast of burnish'd gold,
 Set in rays of white ;
 Fear no peril, tender flow'r,
 For, in this enchanted bow'r,
 Many a fairy knight
 Guards thy stem from influence sour,
 And every harmful sprite.

Gather'd drops of precious dew,
 On thy polish'd leaves we strew ;
 Then, with nimble feet,
 As we wind the magic maze,
 Evermore with simple phrase
 Our lady flow'r we greet :
 Join the chorus, sprightly fays !
 “ The Daisy is so sweet.”

Should some rude and careless tread
 Rashly crush thy beauteous head,

Soon with frolic care,
 Elfin ladies round thee walk,
 Gently heal thy wounded stalk,
 With their kisses rare,
 And hum, amidst their merry talk,
 “ The Daisy is so fair.”

Daisy ! Queen of Fairy courts,
 Smile upon our moonlight sports ;
 So, whene'er we meet
 At the waning hour of day,
 We our vows of love will pay,
 And for aye repeat,
 The selfsame blithesome virelay,
 “ The Daisy is so sweet.”

A SUNDAY THOUGHT.

W^HATEVER ills to me betide,
I have within a little store,
So much more dear than all beside,
That never do I wish for more.

Where'er I go, I bear this charm,
My spirit's lowliness to cheer—
A cure for every earthly harm,
A power to dry each earthly tear.

And safe within my inmost heart,
Still cherish'd rests this humble trust;
And by the glow it doth impart,
I feel the immortal hope is just.

INSCRIPTION.

CRYSTAL and cool the fountain plays,
And verdant is its grassy mound,
And willows screen the noontide blaze,
And gales refreshing breathe around.
Here then while fervid Sirius blows,
And the wide champain pines with heat,
Here, wearied stranger, seek repose,
And rest thee in the still retreat.
The breeze that circles round the pool,
The grateful gloom sweet sleep shall bring,
And thou thy burning thirst may'st cool,
Fresh from the fountain's limpid spring.

LINES

ON A LATE VIOLET.

POOR purple lingerer of the fading year,
Whose leaves of withering blue,
Their dying sweetness drew
From suns more genial, and from skies more clear,
How tenderly and cold,
Thy blossoms now unfold,
Their veins engemm'd with winter's first pale tear !
The wild autumnal storm,
Which whistles o'er thy form,
Will in its ruthlessness exhale
Thy fainting odours on the gale,
And thou still lower hang thy humble head ;
Then come, and on the tomb
Of one, whose short-liv'd bloom
Was like thine own, thy parting sweetness shed.

For she, like thee, when wintry scenes appeared,
Her modest head uprear'd,
And in her gentleness defied the blast;
Like thee, she faded slowly, day by day,
Like thine, her opening bloom exhal'd away,
When summer suns and the bright hours were past.

FAIRY SONG.

SWIFTLY we fly
Thro' the evening sky,
When the silver moon shines bright;
When the bat flits round,
And the dewy ground
Is speckled with the glow-worm's light.

When the ring-doves rest
On their downy breast,
Flitting thro' the air we pass;
Where screams the owl,
And watch-dogs howl,
We revel in the shaven grass.

Then, when we hear
Loud chanticleer,
Again, to our haunts we fly;
And thro' the day,
Sleep the hours away,
Till the moon-beams again we spy.

HYMN.

O GOD, to thee, who first hast given,
To mortal frame this spark of heaven,
I consecrate my powers ;
Thine is its hop'd eternity,
And thine its little life shall be,
Thro' months, and days, and hours.

Here, at thy shrine, I bow resign'd,
Each struggling passion of my mind,
With all its hopes and fears ;
And here, to love and worship thee,
Is the sole wish my soul can see,
Thro' all my future years.

For, oh! when earthly cares are o'er,
The worn heart feels there is no more
Of bliss beneath the skies;
There is no other certain trust,
Which blends the merciful and just,
Omnipotent and wise.

LINES

ON FRIENDSHIP.

As in the morning of life's fatal scene,
The young heart opens to each varying hue ;
It turns to cloudless hopes, and hours serene,
Nor ever trembling, asks, "will these be true?"
Pause, youthful traveller—this beaming view,
Of joy's bright visions, thou awhile may'st
cherish :
Muse on each sketch thy glowing fancy drew,
But, pause, O pause, for shortly they must
perish.
One charm shall last amid their passing fleetness,
The best, the purest, pleasure can bestow,
Was there not one, who doubled all its sweetness,
Who taught with kindred trust, thy heart to
glow ?

Yes ! friendship's angel-spirit shall remain,
When fade of hope and joy the transient forms ;
Her dearest office is to soften pain,
And she will be the pilot of the storms :
O, she will lead the sad and sinking spirit
A heaven-ward track undaunted to pursue,
Point to the blessings virtue shall inherit,
And sweetly whisper, " These alone are true "

HYMN.

WHEN human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart,
And, on my weary spirit steal,
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.

I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies ;
And think, that he, who governs there,
Still keeps me in his guardian care.

I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower,
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.

I think, whene'er this mortal frame,
Returns again from whence it came,
I shall but slumber in the ground,
Till heaven's awakening trumpet sound;
Then wing my spirit's happy flight,
To regions of eternal light!

LINES.

O THOU, upon whose cheek the rose
Of stainless purity still glows ;
Upon whose lip still dwells the smile
Of innocence, that knows no guile :
Whose uncontaminated youth
Still listens to the voice of truth ;
Who still canst boast thy early prime,
Unsullied by the taint of crime ;
Thy foot life's threshold is upon,
O pause, ere yet thy hopes be gone !
For lo ! upon thy dangerous way,
The passions wait to seize their prey ;
Ambition calls thee to the strife,
Where man, against his brother's life

Wiields the bright sword, and points the spear,
 Exulting in the orphan's tear ;
 And Mammon offers stores untold,
 Which Avarice counts, of shining gold ;
 And Pride his bloated face displays ;
 And Vanity, in her own praise
 Speaks long and loud ; and Folly tells
 His pointless tale, and shakes his bells ;
 And weak Conceit, with mincing mien,
 Still walks where Folly's steps have been :
 While each obeys the potent call
 Of Vice, who governs, Lord o'er all.
 O nobler aims, and hopes more fair,
 Shall claim thy young and studious care ;
 Wisdom shall lead thy wandering feet,
 To her calm bowers and cool retreat ;
 And Science in her academe,
 Shall tell thee of each lofty theme :
 And Poesy thy heart o'erwhelm,
 And lead thee thro' her fairy realm

And thou, with her shalt wander o'er
Old Grecia's laurel-circled shore,
And drink that soul-inspiring fount,
That wanders down the forked mount;
And thou shalt love the tales that tell
How Freedom's godlike children fell;
And feel the glorious theme inspire,
Within thy breast, a kindred fire.
Or should thy young steps turn aside,
Divine philosophy shall guide;
Shall fill with better hopes thy heart,
Subliming every mortal part;
Till in thy pure soul's simple grace,
Virtue shall find her perfect place.

STANZAS.

WHEN painfully toiling o'er mountains and moors,
With no shelter at hand from the sun's scorching
heat ;

How sweet when a rivulet suddenly pours
Its stream of pure water abroad at thy feet !

Or in winter's dark season, when chill'd with the
cold,

Benighted, and troubled with ill boding fear ;
Oh think, how delightful it is to behold,
Thro' the darkness, the light of a cottage appear !

But more sweet, more delightful, to friendship's
warm heart,

While sympathy's tear-drops in silence descend ;
When meeting, oh ! never again to depart,
We gaze on the face of a long absent friend !

THE
CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S COMPLAINT.

Sweep, Sweep ! I cry from street to street,
With wailing loud, to all I meet ;
In sorrowing voice and dismal plight,
'Tis still Sweep, Sweep ! from morn till night.
Oh ! many a frightful risk I've run,
Since first my wretched toil begun ;
I've climb'd up many a chimney dark,
Bear witness many a cruel mark !
My limbs are cramp'd, my spirit's gone,
And all unheeded is my moan.
I once could laugh, and sing, and play,
Full jocund, thro' the merry day ;

Breathe unconfin'd the air of heaven,
And feel the blessings God had given ;
But now all stunted, maim'd, diseas'd,
I wait till I may be releas'd.
Beyond the grave there sure will be
No master hard to torture me ;
With tearless eye and flinty heart,
To act the ruthless tyrant's part.
The secret truth will then be shewn,
And all my silent sufferings known ;
And all will find, ev'n hearts of steel,
That little chimney-sweeps can feel.
Oh ! once I had a mother dear ;
She would have shed the bitter tear,
To see her darling thus degraded,
His ruin'd health—his cheek so faded ;
That cheek where she left many a kiss :
Thank God ! she has not liv'd for this.
No, she rests in her last calm home,
And thither her poor boy will come.

The world, alas ! is all unkind ;
There's nought I love to leave behind ;
No ! there is none to pity me,
And only when I die—I'm free !

VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF LADY E—— M——.

ONE short, one little year ago,
 I saw thee trip the dance along;
 On thy young cheek health's happy glow,
 The gayest of the youthful throng.

Where art thou now?—That cheek is pale,
 Quench'd is the radiance of thine eye;
 And many a voice will still bewail,
 Alas! for Lady Emily.

Unknown to thee the world's wild strife,
 Thou smil'd away thy happy hour;
 And wither'd in thy bloom of life,
 A cherish'd, but a fading flow'r.

Sweet girl, be blest—gone to a home,
Where there is neither tear nor sigh;
Yet still I murmur on thy tomb,
Alas! for Lady Emily.

HYMN.

FRAIL tho' my young devotions be,
I humbly dare look up to thee,
 My Father and my God!
For I have felt affliction's power,
And yet in sorrow's darkest hour,
 Have mark'd a parent's rod.

I pray not for this world's vain hope,
The soul desires a larger scope,
 Destin'd to live for ever:
I ask not many years to live,
But that in those thou will'st to give,
 I may forget thee never.

In every varying moment, still
May my whole duty be thy will,
 And may I meet each trial,
With fortitude resign'd and pure,
A spirit anchor'd to endure,
 And holy self-denial.

THE ROOKS' SONG.

Bosom'd in these lofty trees,
Ages we have brav'd the blast;
The wintry wind, the summer breeze,
Heedless thro' our branches past;
Floating on the blue serene,
Here our new-fledg'd strength we try,
Pierce the clouds of glittering sheen,
Skim Heaven's azure canopy.
Caw, caw, caw.

When the grey and tender mist,
At the break of early day,
Melts before the glowing east,
Here we chaunt our festive lay;

And when Evening's twilight dye
 Rich in sunbeams faintly glows,
 Safely perch'd, and nestled high,
 Here we sink to our repose.

Caw, caw, caw.

Many a gay and distant flight,
 Tries our bold, adventurous wing;
 Oh! with what intense delight
 We have hail'd the infant spring;
 But when Autumn's mellow hues
 Gild the fields of wavy corn,
 Each the glittering prize pursues,
 And the nest is left forlorn.

Caw, caw, caw.

Oh! what joy 'tis ours to know,
 Swimming thro' the liquid air;
 Hard of heart, to wish us woe,
 Cruel sportsman, oh! forbear—

Little is the boon we crave;
Grant us life and liberty,
Where the branches proudly wave,
Of our own, our native tree.
Caw, caw, caw.

SONG,

IN IMITATION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IN feildis grene,
Silver'd with hawthorne white,
To walk alone, and meditate unsene,
Is my delyte;

O'er uplande hills,
With payneful feet to straine,
And see grete shippes, whose sails the light wind
fills,
On distant mayne;

Or whenne the sun
Climbs to his chamber high,
O'er willow banks where shallowe rivers run,
Creepe silent bye.

So pass my dayes,
From noisome cities far;
From hope and feare, from envy, blame, and praise,
And wordie war!

For it is sedde,
That nought was ever knowne
Of greate or goode to spring from harte or hedde,
But when alone.

THE LINNETS.

BENEATH this spreading beech's shade,
Whose boughs exclude the fervid ray,
Where opening roses crown the glade,
And zephyrs waft their sweets away.

Secluded from the feather'd throng,
Two warbling linnets form'd their nest;
'Twas love inspir'd the morning song,
And glow'd serene in either breast.

When fraught with fond maternal care,
She brooded o'er her tender race;
Then hovering in the balmy air,
He sooth'd her anxious thoughts to peace.

His was the task, the wilds to roam,
To range along the furrow'd field ;
Then joyful seek the much lov'd home,
And there the tender morsel yield.

Nor hard he deem'd his toilsome fate,
Swift gliding o'er the distant plain :
Love bore him up with wings elate,
And smiling hope sooth'd every pain.

One morn he wing'd his hapless flight,
And quick returning with his prey :
A dreary void—expos'd to sight,
Confess'd the plunders of the day.

I saw his breast with anguish torn,
His pinions trail'd along the ground ;
Beneath the shade he lay forlorn,
And silent sadness reign'd around.

At length he strove the song to raise,
Sweet as the lark's melodious note ;
And mournful as the tender lays,
Of Philomela's warbling throat.

“ Ah ! cruel race,” I heard him cry,
“ Sole tyrants of the spacious plain ;
“ Who place in blood your savage joy,
“ And slight the hapless victim's pain.

“ The sweets that from refinement flow—
“ The genuine joys kind love imparts—
“ The mutual sympathetic glow—
“ Ne'er warm'd your cold ungenerous hearts.

“ Strangers to every soft delight,
“ Ye only make the weak your prey ;
“ Else would ye not invade my right,
“ Or tear my helpless young away.

- “ ’Tis yours to bear the lurid blaze,
“ When dusky evening stills the air ;
“ ’Tis yours the vengeful tube to raise,
“ And plant the unsuspected snare.
- “ But ’tis not ours alone to know,
“ Your hated hand’s resistless force ;
“ You bid the stream of anguish flow,
“ Creation droops beneath its course.
- “ Oft have I heard these hills resound,
“ Responsive to the sounding horn ;
“ Have seen the deep-mouth’d early hound,
“ Wake the poor victim of the morn.
- “ With trembling steps, by fear opprest,
“ Thro’ paths unknown the sufferer flies ;
“ Despair invades her throbbing breast,
“ Midst barb’rous shouts she gasps and dies.

“ Whilst man unpitying at the scene,
“ Smiles at the hapless victim’s moan ;
“ Observes each pang with face serene,
“ And joys to hear the parting groan.

“ Where flows yon stream, so soft and clear,
“ And whispering sedges crown its side ;
“ Whose wat’ry tenants void of fear,
“ Oft sport amid the crystal tide ;

“ Ere yet the sun’s returning beam,
“ With orient blush bespeaks the day,
“ He seeks the cool, the silent stream,
“ And lures to death the wat’ry prey.

“ Did erring Nature then ordain,
“ That all must stoop to man’s control ;
“ Invest him sovereign of the plain,
“ Yet curse him with a stubborn soul ?

“ Ah ! no—from life’s remotest hour,
“ Inur’d to earlier scenes of woe,
“ He soon perverts the sacred pow’r,
“ And proves creation’s deadliest foe.

“ But, ah ! the weak unnotic’d strain,
“ Spent idly in the noontide air,
“ Serves but to raise the sense of pain,
“ And add fresh poignance to despair.”

As thus the warbling mourner said,
From yonder brake a fiery wound,
Like keenest lightning pierc’d his head—
Life’s crimson current stain’d the ground.

THE WISH.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARCUS FLAMINIUS.

O COOL retreats ! O vernal bowers !
O soil adorn'd with varied flowers,
Where the clear stream its course pursues !
O leisure grateful to the Muse !
Kind to my hopes, if in your breast
Indulgent heaven would let me rest ;
Waste in your haunts my thoughtless time,
Or careless weave the sportive rhyme ;
Now in green shades embosom'd deep,
Enjoy the balmy sweets of sleep ;
Now from my browsing goats demand
The streaming gift with gentle hand,
And with the healthful draught assuage
The fervors of the noontide rage :

Blest were my life, my days divine,
And heaven itself would then be mine.

And you, ye train of tuneful maids,
Who love clear brooks and cooling shades !
If e'er your charms to me were dear,
O grant my unambitious prayer ;
And snatch me from the noisy crew,
To peace, to happiness, and you !

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

MINE the tear, and mine the sigh ;
Mine the dim and watery eye ;
Mine the cheek with hunger pale,
The torn garb streaming in the gale ;
The aching head, the heavy heart,
The woes that grief and want impart ;
Unlov'd, unpitied, here I roam,
Without a friend, without a home.
Gentlefolks, pray pity me,
The little child of misery !

When winter winds blow sharp and cold,
In vain my cloak I round me fold ;
My cloak is thin, the wind so keen
And bitter, pierces me within.

And when the dark and gloomy night
Descends around, in wild affright,
I seek some hedge's briery fence,
And trust to it for my defence ;
Or in some shed for shelter creep,
And lie me down—but not to sleep—
Ah no ! I only weep and pray,
Or anxious watch for coming day :
 Then, gentlefolks, pray pity me,
 The little child of misery !

ODE TO PRIDE.

PRIDE ! origin of all our woes !

Of ignorance and fond self-love the child ;
 Nurst midst the sweets of flattery's bland repose,
 With tenderest caution, and with accents mild—
 Say, whence that haughty air ?

The cheek suffus'd with passion's crimson glow ?
 The lowering brow—the eyes' indignant glare—
 That strike with awe the trembling fools below ?

Is it that fashion'd of superior clay,
 Thy form the rage of fell disease defies ;
 That death shall spare thee on his fated way,
 When far and wide his wasteful arrow flies ?

Why shivers thus thy mighty frame?

Th' autumnal zephyr only shook his wings—
And flows in fainter tides the vital stream,
And languid life relaxes all her springs?

Is it that on thy comprehensive mind,

Celestial wisdom all her influence pours?
Thee to her heart does sacred science bind,
And Genius share thy solitary hours?

Then tell me thou—for thou must know—

Why falls the pebble from the mountain's brow?

By the strong influence of what magic skill
Moves thy quick hand obedient to thy will?

Why shoots from earth the bright electric fire,
Or whence art thou deriv'd, or where shalt thou
retire?

Form'd of the selfsame clay, and doom'd to tread

The selfsame path, an equal fate is ours;
Nor shalt thou, arrogant of heart, upbraid
The stedfast mind that feels its equal powers;

For when thy dark and scornful eye
 Shall seek to awe the independent soul,
Shall unappall'd integrity be nigh,
 And anxious honor that disdains control :
So shall the mind its dignity maintain,
Nor heed th' impassion'd voice that threats in vain ;
As the high cliffs of Cambria's mountains hoar,
Smile at the gathering winds that round their sum-
 mits roar.

ODE

TO TEMPERANCE.

O NYMPH divine ! to whom belong
The ruddy cheek and lucid eye ;
Who roam'st the airy hills along,
Regardless of the freezing sky ;
Far from the rich luxurious board,
That bends beneath its ample hoard ;
Far from the madding midnight throng,
The jest profane, and senseless song ;
The frantic hour when riot rules—
Far from the boisterous mirth of fools,
To scenes of happier, softer kind,
Where, gently on the musing mind,

Reflection rolls her silent tide,
 O Temperance ! thou my footsteps guide.
 Then, whilst enamour'd I thy praise rehearse,
 Do thou thy modest inspiration give ;
 Not such as bids the rapture-breathing verse,
 Thro' every future age unrivall'd live.
 Enough for me, if lost to fame,
 Some casual note my lonely hours may cheer ;
 And doubly blest if haply I might claim
 The lov'd applause of friendship's partial ear.

Secure beneath thy guardian eye,
 The crimson tide untainted flows ;
 With native health the heart beats high,
 The cheek with native blushes glows.
 Stranger to thee the painful throe,
 Which Luxury's pale-eyed minions know,
 When Indolence awakes her stings,
 Or Gout his dreaded scorpions brings,
 Or Fever fires the burning vein,
 Or Apoplex invades the brain !

Sweet are thine hours of evening rest,
 Nor fears awake, nor dreams molest;
 And thine the spirits pure and gay,
 As the light breeze of vernal day.
 Guardian of health ! with thee the goddess loves,
 At earliest dawn the mountain air to breathe ;
 Or with the hunters pierce the deepening grove,
 Mount the steep hill, or sweep the vale beneath :
 Or seek the freshness of the wave,
 When Phœbus leads the sultry hours along,
 There, midst encircling woods securely lave ;
 Dauntless by dangers, and by hardships strong.

O to thy votary's wishes kind,
 To thee shall flow the grateful strain,
 That thou his happier seat design'd,
 Remote from Afric's burning plain ;
 Where from the still and reedy lake,
 The oozy shore, or tangled brake,
 Rous'd by the sun's intenser rays,
 Start the dread spirits of disease ;

And raising high his burnish'd sides,
 Sublime the crested serpent rides ;
 Nor bad his shivering cottage rise,
 Where winter wraps the polar skies ;
 And from th' inhospitable zone,
 Each charm of social life is flown :
 But plac'd in temperate climes his fairer lot,
 Where Nature every modest grace reveals ;
 Where wandering currents cheer the favour'd spot,
 And waving fields and balmy-breathing gales :
 Where oft at evening's milder hour,
 The rural pleasures frolic o'er the green ;
 Where meditation haunts the peaceful bower,
 And sacred freedom gladdens all the scene.

So pass my life—and when from earth remov'd,
 May no invidious tomb my deeds emblaze ;
 But may some friend, whom long my heart has
 lov'd,
 On the plain stone thus mark my humble praise.

- “ Unknown to fame, here rests a youth,
“ From life’s bye-path whom pomp could ne’er
allure,
“ The friend of virtue and the friend of truth,
“ Blest without wealth, and happy tho’ obscure.”

A DIRGE.

THE summer winds sing lullaby
O'er Mary's little grave,
And the summer flowers spring tenderly,
O'er her their buds to wave.
For oh, her life was short and sweet
As the flowers which blossom at her feet.

A little while the beauteous gem
Bloom'd on the parent breast;
Ah! then it wither'd on the stem,
And sought a deeper rest;
And we laid on her gentle frame the sod,
But we knew her spirit was fled to God.

The birds she loved so well to hear

Her parting requiem sing,

And her memory lives in the silent tear,

Which the heart to the eye will bring;

For her kind little feelings will ne'er be forgot

By those who have mourn'd her early lot.

THE EVENING HOUR.

THE evening hour is sweet to me,
For it is Nature's lullaby ;
The birds sing softer in the bowers,
The dew's lie sleeping on the flowers ;
The moon, in her pale beauty risen,
Shines coldly on the darkening heav'n ;
And gently on the human breast,
Come the calm thoughts of home and rest ;
And oft in that hour's solitude,
Thoughts of a deeper rest intrude ;
Which to the good but breathes of peace,
And of the fetter'd soul's release ;
That hour as sweet, as sad as this,
The twilight of a dawn of bliss.

EVENING.

SWIFT fades the purple from the mountain height!

O'er the blue lake, yon bark with homeward
sail,

Spreads its light canvas to the evening gale;

The pale moon bends thro' fields of azure light

Her heavenly course, tinging with radiance bright

The rippling stream, dark grove, or shelter'd
dale;

The gray mist, rising in the dewy vale,

Cheats with fantastic forms the traveller's sight—

Hush'd is the voice of nature all around.

Hail, lovely Eve! to contemplation dear,

No murmur breaks thy halcyon calm profound,

Save where the timorous bat, in idle fear,

Shrieks to the quivering leaf; or the dull sound

Of night's slow herald, wakes thy startled ear.

THE HERMITAGE.

WHAT, amid this desert wild,
Stranger, has thy feet beguil'd?
Here no tinsel liveries wait,
The pomp of pride, the glare of state;
But, if to thee the russet stole,
And amice gray and beechen bowl,
If, stranger, these to thee are dear,
O rest, a gentle Hermit, here.

Ere yet to rouse the slumbering morn,
The hunter rings his mountain horn,
At distant glimpse of eastern day,
The lark shall join thy matin lay;
And oft in evening's vesper hour,
The fays shall haunt thy silent bow'r,
And thread their dance in mystic maze,
Beneath the pale moon's chequer'd rays.

Here, far from mortal steps exil'd,
Among the tenants of the wild,
The sportive squirrel oft shall share
Thy sheltering hut and frugal fare ;
And often seen at early dawn,
The hare shall crop thy dewy lawn ;
And always in thy mossy cell,
Her grateful song the wren shall swell.

What, tho' no wine may stain thy board,
Nor costly dish thy cell afford,
To thee, the village maid shall bring
The crystal beverage of the spring ;
And ever for her cheerful task,
The Hermit's saintly blessing ask ;
Whilst all around the sportive young
To view thy holy book shall throng.

And thou may'st teach their tender age,
The morals of its golden page ;

And bid them ne'er forsake their home,
 Thro' foreign lands and seas to roam;
 And never quit their native plain,
 For eastern worlds of evil gain :
 Nor idle thus shall pass away,
 The moments of thy fleeting day.

And, guided by the taper's light,
 That gleams amid the wintry night,
 The weary pilgrim's sandal'd feet
 Shall often trace thy lone retreat;
 And thou shalt bid him doff, I trow,
 The cockle bonnet from his brow ;
 And throw his scrip and staff aside,
 With thee, a welcome guest, to bide.

And he and thou shall ponder o'er
 Supreme religion's hallow'd lore ;
 Or, he shall tell of Bourbon's fate,
 His nobles fled in abject state—

Shall tell of leagues and distant wars,
Of foreign broils and civil jars—
Then leave thee at the morning ray,
For holy climate far away.

When Spring first casts her smile around,
And calls to life the blooming ground,
And gaily twines the primrose wreath,
Or bids the wanton zephyrs breathe ;
Delighted thou may'st ceaseless rove,
By flowery dell or shady grove ;
And listen to the feathery throng,
That “ chaunt the echoing woods among.”

And every blameless joy is thine,
When Summer suns shall fairer shine :
Thou then may'st linger in the shade,
Or wander thro' the tangled glade ;
Or, haply, wrapt in airy dream,
Beside some far sequester'd stream,

Full many a magic strain may'st hear,
Which fancy wakes upon thine ear.

When Autumn comes in tresses sear,
Wan daughter of the fading year ;
And cheerless binds the yellow sheaf,
Or strews around the wither'd leaf:
When Winter on his silver brow,
Shall bind his hoary badge of snow,
Still every sacred charm is thine ;
For thee the seasons all combine.

As from the margin of yon shore,
Where ocean's waves tumultuous roar,
The breezy gales in cadence bear,
The soften'd murmurs thro' the air—
So from the world's forgotten stage,
Borne to thy silent hermitage,
Is heard the distant din of strife,
And all the varied storm of life.

SONNET.

A YOUTHFUL voyager on life's stormy sea,
With fearful eye, I view the dread expanse,
And cast an anxious and inquiring glance,
Towards the depths of dim futurity.
Thou! who hast freighted out my fragile bark,
And launched it safely on the world's rough main,
What art shall shield from sorrow and from pain,
And guide me safely o'er these paths so dark?
Thy word, oh God! for, as the mariner still
Turns to his faithful magnet's wondrous pow'r,
To find mysterious aid when tempests low'r;
So in each worldly strife, each mortal ill,
Close to my heart thy holy dictates prest,
I'll seek the haven of eternal rest.

FORESTER'S SONG.

FORESTER ! leave thy woodland range,
And hie thee hence with me ;
For brighter scenes and pleasures strange,
Forsake thy greenwood tree.
Come, gather thy cloak above the knee,
And take thy tall staff down,
I'll shew thee what delights they be
That dwell in tow'r and town.

Nay, stranger, check thy bright bay steed,
To sojourn with me here ;
And turn him forth at large to feed,
Amongst these dappled deer :
And thou, while summer skies are clear,
Within my greenwood bower,
Shalt scorn the pleasures once so dear,
That dwell in town and tow'r.

Well may I find a better home,
My steed a warmer stall,
I know full many a lordly dome,
Full many a palace hall;
Where stately rows of columns tall,
The fretted roof sustain,
Then, Forester, yield thee to my call,
And follow me o'er the plain.

Doth lofty roof delight thy eye,
Or stately pillar please?
Look, stranger, at yon azure sky,
And pillars such as these—
Where, wreathing round majestic trees,
The verdant ivy clings;
The pillar'd roofs, the peasant sees,
Are fit to shelter kings.

O, who would to the greenwood roam,
To hear the hautboy's sound,
To see the glittering goblets foam,
While mellow pledge goes round;

Then, while our cares in wine are drown'd,
 The precious stake to hold ;
 And find our varying fortunes crown'd
 With heaps of yellow gold ?

Stranger ! the woodman's frugal fare,
 No sickly riots stain ;
 Nor ever hautboy's artful air,
 Might match yon throstle's strain :
 And, if the stores of ample gain,
 Thy useful avarice crave,
 Go, stranger, teach the ruddy grain
 O'er yonder wastes to wave.

Nay, rather to my lady love,
 My courtly lays I'll sing ;
 And in my helmet wear her glove,
 When gallants ride the ring :
 Or foremost in the battle spring,
 Where charging squadrons meet ;
 And all my warlike trophies bring
 An offering to her feet.

Falsehood in beauty lies conceal'd,
Guilt haunts the deadly fight ;
Here woods a harmless warfare yield,
And maids their true-love plight—
Such simple joys of rustic wight,
To thee 'twere vain to tell ;
But heavily fall the shades of night—
Now, stranger, fare thee well.

ELEGY

ON A FAVORITE CROWN-BIRD.

LAMENT all ye birds, and ye quadruped train,
 Who dwell in the branches, or rest on the plain ;
 All ye, who dwell under the shade of the tree,
 Come hither, and mingle your sorrows with me :
 For gone is your glory, and fallen your pride,
 And faded your ^{honor} ~~glory~~, since Cressida died.

Lament him, for graceful and tall was his mien,
 And stately his step on the smooth shaven green ;
 And royally high on his head did he bear
 The turban that mark'd him the king of the air ;
 And bright in the sun did his gay plumage shine,
 Then hasten, and mingle your sorrow with mine.

How shrill was his note at the close of the day,
 When he challeng'd each wild fowl that passed on
 his way !

And how gentle the murmur that flow'd from his
 breast,

When, in fondness, he peck'd at the hand he lov'd
 best !

Then hasten, all birds, that dwell under the tree,
 And join your complainings and sorrows with me.

To his friends he was always submissive and low ;
 But, how proudly he rose at the sight of a foe,
 When with wide-spreading pinions, and high swelling
 chest,

He chas'd the intruder who troubled his rest !
 But gone is his spirit, and sunk is his pride,
 And vanish'd my pleasure, since Cressida died.

He is dead, and for ever lies under the sod,
 No more shall he mimic the bow and the nod ;
 No more with significant gesture advance,
 And join the spectator in whimsical dance.

Then haste to lament, tho' your sorrow is vain,
 Ye fowls of the forest, and birds of the plain.

Lament, for you know what a beautiful streak
 Of lively carnation once colour'd his cheek ;
 But you know not how quickly that colour so gay
 His life and his loveliness faded away ;
 Nor how mournful his note when he strove to com-
 plain—

Then lament him, ye birds, tho' your sorrow is vain.

You too may lament him, ye birds of the tree,
 But you will not, you cannot, lament him like me :
 You may form other friendships, but when shall I
 find

A friend so affectionate, gentle, and kind.

'Then leave me in silence, ye sons of the plain,
 For I will still grieve, tho' I grieve but in vain.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE shades of night had scarcely fled,
The air was soft, the winds were still ;
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread,
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill ;

From floating clouds of pearly hue,
Had dropt a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree and every flower ;

And from the blackbird's mellow throat,
Was pour'd so long and loud a swell,
As echoed with responsive note,
From mountain side and shadowy dell ;

When bursting forth from light and life,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendor on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings enfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broider'd wings,
Thro' fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields;
Share all the joys that Spring can give;
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live!

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honey'd cup explore;
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store!

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments too of short repose;
And mark thee then, with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But, hark ! whilst thus I musing stand,
 Swells on the gale an airy note ;
 And, breathing from a viewless band,
 Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease—but still a voice I hear—
 A whisper'd voice of hope and joy !—
 “ Thy hour of rest approaches near ;
 “ Prepare thee, mortal, thou must die !

“ Yet start not—on thy closing eyes
 “ Another day shall still unfold ;
 “ A sun of milder radiance rise,
 “ A happier age of joys untold.

“ Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
 “ The humblest form in Nature's train,
 “ Thus rise in newborn lustre bright,
 “ And yet the emblem teach in vain.

“ Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
“ Her beauteous wings of purple pride?
“ Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
“ A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

“ Like thee the hapless reptile lived;
“ Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun;
“ Like thine his closing hour arrived,
“ His labours ceased, his web was done.

“ And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
“ No happier state of being know;
“ And shall no future morrow shed
“ On thee a beam of brighter glow?

“ Is this the bound of power divine,
“ To animate an insect frame;
“ Or shall not He who moulded thine,
“ Wake at his will the vital flame?

- “ Go, mortal, in thy reptile state,
“ Enough to know to thee is given;
“ Go, and the joyful truth repeat—
“ Frail child of earth—High heir of heaven.

FINIS.



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